

Newport Mercury

VOLUME CII.—NO. 33.

NEWPORT, R. I., JANUARY 23, 1900.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,466.

The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

102 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THIS NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its hundred and thirty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with few exceptions, has been published in the English language. It has a large circulation of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading material, local and general news, well selected, impartial and reliable. It is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays. It is published at the office of the publisher, 102 Thames Street, Newport, R. I., and is delivered by mail to subscribers at a rate of \$1.00 per annum in advance. Single copies are sold at the office of publication and at the various news stands in the city. It is also sold by mail at a rate of \$1.00 per annum in advance. It is published at the office of the publisher, 102 Thames Street, Newport, R. I., and is delivered by mail to subscribers at a rate of \$1.00 per annum in advance. It is published at the office of the publisher, 102 Thames Street, Newport, R. I., and is delivered by mail to subscribers at a rate of \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROBERT WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 26, Order Sons of St. George, Alford Hall, 1st and 2nd Mondays.

NEWPORT TERT, No. 10, Knights of Mary, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

COAST WAGON, No. 177, Foresters of America, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION, No. 1, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION, No. 1, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION, No. 1, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION, No. 1, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION, No. 1, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION, No. 1, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION, No. 1, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION, No. 1, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION, No. 1, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION, No. 1, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION, No. 1, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION, No. 1, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

Some Winter.

Last Sunday was one of the most disagreeable days of the winter thus far, but even at that Newport escaped very lightly as compared with other places in New England. In Providence the rain and snow and ice seriously interfered with traffic, crippling the car lines, and breaking overhead wires of telephone and telegraph companies as well as the fire alarm system. The amount of damage done figured up to a large sum.

In Newport it was merely an unpleasant day—very unpleasant to be sure, but as it was not a work day the people were able to stay in their homes and that little inconvenience was experienced. During Saturday night considerable snow fell which turned to rain Sunday morning, making the streets and sidewalks in a very slushy condition. The men of the highway department were out early clearing the sidewalks and after ward opening the gutters so as to allow the water to pass off without obstruction. Some householders removed the snow from their walks, and others didn't, preferring to wait for the rain to accomplish the work for them. At first it looked as if the lazy ones were the winners for the snow began to disappear rapidly but with the coming of blight it turned cold again and the walks were then very dry.

The ice men are watching the weather very anxiously now-days, wondering whether or not they will be able to harvest a crop before the winter is over. There has been ice enough on the ponds to allow skating and the hopes of the ice men have gone up and down in reverse proportion to the way the mercury fluctuates in the thermometer. Warm days alternating with cold spells, such as we have had for the last two weeks, are not conducive to a good ice crop, but there is time yet for a good cold weather. The Arctic ice company will probably do their utmost—if there is any chance—on the Green Pond pond, as they have not renewed their lease of the ice houses at the Lily pond.

United Congregational Church.

The annual roll call and supper of the United Congregational Church was held on Wednesday evening with a large number of the members of the church and congregation present. The ladies of the church served the supper at 8.30, providing an excellent array of turkey and other edibles to which full justice was done. After the supper the annual business meeting was held, reports being read from officers and committees.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—
Clerk—A. Russell Manchester.
Treasurer—Gardner B. Perry.
Deacons—James A. Waterbrooks.
Trustees—Angus McLeod.
Member of Church Committee—Walter B. Langley.
Sunday School Superintendent—Wilfred H. Chapin.
Sunday School Secretary and Treasurer—Roland J. Easton.
Sunday School Committee—Mrs. Roland J. Easton, Mrs. B. H. Sherman, Horace S. Brown, in addition to the officers.

Mr. William H. Leavitt, son of Mr. A. L. Leavitt of this city, has completed his large painting of "The Lord's Supper," and it will be sent to Newport very shortly. In the fall it will be shown at some of the large exhibitions throughout the country.

The annual dinner of the Newport Naval Reserve was served last Saturday evening, and was a complete success. Lieutenant Charles E. Lawton presided, and the other speakers were Lieutenant Richardson and Ensign M. S. Briggs.

Mrs. Henry of Fort Adams, who was shot by her husband a few weeks ago, has so far recovered as to be able to go with her three children to the home of her father-in-law, Allouez, Pa.

The speaker at the next dinner of the Channing Club on January 25th, will be Rev. Elmer S. Forbes of Boston, whose topic will be "The Church and Social Reform."

Mr. John E. Ince, formerly of Newport, died at Sleepyhead Bay, Long Island, on Monday. He was formerly an actor and had made quite a reputation on the stage.

The board of health has re-elected Dr. William A. Sherman, as bacteriologist, and Dr. John H. Sweet, Jr., and Dr. John A. Young medical inspectors in the schools.

Miss Margaret V. White and Mr. Charles N. Coombs were married at St. Mary's Rectory on Sunday evening, Rev. William B. Meenan officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Coggeshall are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton King in Joliet, Ill.

Women's Auxiliary.

The annual meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Young Men's Christian Association was held at the Second Baptist Church on Tuesday afternoon and evening, with a large attendance. The meeting was a very pleasant one, all the reports being of an encouraging nature and the members evincing much enthusiasm for the progress of the work.

Mrs. William B. Franklin, president of the Auxiliary, presided, and after a hymn and devotion exercises the secretary, Mrs. Clarence Stanhope, read her annual report, including a brief historical resume of the organization. The Auxiliary has had but two presidents, Mrs. Gardner B. Reynolds and Mrs. William B. Franklin, the latter having served for 18 years. There have been six secretaries but only one treasurer, Mrs. Albert K. Sherman. The present membership is 258.

The treasurer, Mrs. Albert K. Sherman, presented the following financial report:

Receipts.	
Balance January 1, 1900,	\$11.28
Stated January 26, 1900,	231.00
Withdrawn from Savings Bank of Newport	200.00
Received from companies for 1900	1,227.49
From miscellaneous contributions	10.22
Total	\$1,780.99
Expenditures.	
To state work	\$30.00
To church committee	0.25
To religious societies	0.25
To secretary's expenses	0.25
To Junior department	40.00
To book for boys' camp	200.00
To book of Newport	1,227.49
To miscellaneous expenses	1,040.00
Balance to new account	0.00
Total	\$1,780.99
Total receipts	1,780.99
To expenses	1,040.00
Balance January 19, 1900	740.99

In spite of her announced intention to decline another election, Mrs. William B. Franklin was prevailed upon to serve as president for another term; the officers elected being as follows:

President—Mrs. William B. Franklin.
First Vice President—Mrs. T. Fred Kaul.
Second Vice President—Mrs. Roland J. Easton.
Secretary—Mrs. Clarence Stanhope.
Treasurer—Mrs. Albert K. Sherman.
Directresses—First Baptist Church, Mrs. Emma B. Ryder; Second Baptist, Mrs. William H. Easton; and Henry D. Scott; United Congregational, Mrs. Samuel T. H. Altman; First Methodist Episcopal, Mrs. Oliver E. French; First Presbyterian, Mrs. Albert W. Luther; Trinity, Mrs. Fred A. Allen; Emmanuel, Mrs. Henry H. Tilley; St. George's, Mrs. Peter King; St. John's, Mrs. John M. Friend; Friends, Mrs. William Holt.

At 6 o'clock a supper was served, and afterwards reports of the amounts collected by the various companies during the year were presented as follows:

Company A and D, Mrs. J. Alton Barker, \$100.42; Company B and C, Mrs. George W. Barlow, \$100.10; Company E and F, Mrs. William J. Easton, \$153.00; Company G and H, Miss Mary Hayward, \$100.45; Company K, Mrs. T. Fred Kaul, \$102.12; Company M, Miss Sarah Manuel, \$74.20; Company T and W, Mrs. William H. Thibault, \$109.

The evening session was marked by addresses by Rev. Dr. G. W. Quick and General Secretary W. H. Chapin, and the reading of an original poem by Miss Loretta K. French.

Miss Katherine I. Carroll and Mr. Charles F. Clifford, of the "Tropico Station," were married at St. Mary's Church in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends on Tuesday morning, Rev. William B. Meenan officiating. The bride wore a gown of white silk mull and carried a bouquet of white roses. Miss Mary L. Carroll, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Frank K. Burns was the best man. The young couple started for New York and Washington on the steamer General and their friends assembled on the wharf to start them off in proper fashion.

Hon. William Palmer Sheffield, Congressman-elect from the first district of Rhode Island, has been in Washington on business connected with the contest instituted by Congressman Granger. Mr. Sheffield through his attorney, General Walter E. Stines of Warwick, filed his answer to Mr. Granger's claim, making a denial of the facts set forth. While in Washington Mr. Sheffield was shown around by the other members of the Rhode Island delegation and was able to meet many of his future colleagues.

Mr. Nicholas E. Dwyer, who has recently taken over the lease of the Perry House, has felt compelled to resign as a member of the committee of 25 of the representative council, and President Bartholomew has appointed Mr. Andrew K. Quinn to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Frank Tubley, who was a member of the old New Hampshire Band before the Training Station was established here, has been placed on the retired list after 20 years' service.

Hon. Rowell B. Burchard, Speaker of the House of Representatives, was the speaker at the Mantononi Club on Friday evening on the subject, "A Trip up the Nile."

Charity Organization Society.

The annual meeting of the Charity Organization Society was held on Tuesday evening in the Rogers High School with a large attendance. Annual reports were received and routine business was transacted. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Darius Baker.
Vice President—Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D.
Treasurer—Clark Burdick.
Members of the Board of Reference for three years—Joseph P. Cotton, Herbert W. Lull, Rev. William B. Meenan, Rev. James Mahan, Dr. Marcus P. Wheatland.

Miss Harriet Thomas, secretary of the society, presented a valuable report telling of the work done during the year, and making suggestions for the future. High tribute was paid to Miss Katharine P. Wornoley and Mr. J. Truman Burdick who had died during the year.

The financial report of the secretary was as follows:

Balance January 1, 1900,	\$106.43
Received from donors,	1,281.67
Interest on funds,	124.90
Returned funds,	24.00
Total	\$1,587.00
Disbursed for relief	\$1,587.00
Paid treasurer on general account	10.00
Paid agent for society for transportation to children	15.00
Balance, January 1, 1900,	208.43
Total	\$1,587.00

The report of Mr. Clark Burdick who had been elected treasurer of the society to succeed his father, Mr. J. Truman Burdick, was as follows:

Balance of account,	\$704.80
Annual dues,	1,271.00
Donations,	1,572.94
Interest,	12.92
Permanently fund,	120.00
Total	\$2,781.66
Salary of secretary,	1,000.00
Assistant,	187.85
Travelling,	150.00
Room,	100.00
Reading office,	20.00
Missionary, printing and books,	20.00
Telephone, etc.,	61.00
Postage,	21.00
Office expenses,	4.00
Meeting,	4.00
Children,	20.00
Relief,	2.81
Miscellaneous,	1.00
Balance, December 31, 1900,	1,160.00
Total	\$2,781.66

The report was approved by the auditor, Hon. Robert S. Franklin. Annual reports were received from the affiliated societies and organizations.

Mr. A. E. Winslow of Boston delivered a very interesting and instructive address which was followed with the closest attention.

St. Joseph's parish has a comfortable balance of \$9,014.80 to convert to the building fund as a result of their year's labor. The receipts for the year were considerable and the affairs were conducted as economically as possible in order to allow progress to be made in the work of accumulating a building fund. The result was very satisfactory all around.

During the sudden cold wave and severe blow from the north-west Monday night the fishing vessels that were out had a hard time. They all succeeded in getting back to Newport harbor in safety but only after many of them had sustained considerable damage and all the crews had gone through tough hardships.

Mr. Theophilus Topham of this city has been re-elected agent for Newport County of the Rhode Island Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Mrs. Jean Emmet Griswold, wife of Mr. J. N. A. Griswold of this city, died in New York on Tuesday. She had not resided in Newport for many years.

Work on the new Mumford school has so far progressed as to assure the continuation of work throughout the winter regardless of the weather.

There will be bridge whist and euchre at Masonic Hall on the afternoon of February 2nd, for the benefit of the Newport Animal Refuge.

Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Willard delivered his lecture on "The Panama Canal" before the Unity Club on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Thomas E. Hunt has been confined to his home by illness for several days but is again able to attend to his business.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. T. Calvin McClelland have been spending a few days in Newport as the guests of Mr. Angus McLeod.

Mrs. Elizabeth Denham Ward has been appointed temporary guardian of the person and estate of Daniel C. Denham.

Recent Deaths.

Major Theodore K. Gibbs.

Major Theodore K. Gibbs, one of Newport's most beloved citizens, died on Saturday in Pasadena, California, where he was spending the winter. His health had not been of the best for some time and he left for the warmer climate of the south in the early fall in the hope of obtaining relief. It was known that he had been seriously ill there, but his friends had occasion to believe that he was improving, so that the announcement of his death came as a severe blow.

Major Gibbs came of a distinguished Rhode Island family, being the son of William Channing Gibbs, who was at one time Governor of the State and who had held many other positions of honor and responsibility, and a grandson of George Gibbs, a famous merchant and shipowner of Newport's days of commercial supremacy. He was also related to many of the old New York families.

Major Gibbs was born in Newport on December 25, 1825, being one of a family of eleven children. When the Civil War broke out he was given a commission as second lieutenant in the First United States Artillery and served with distinguished bravery and ability through the war. He was promoted steadily and finally received the brevet title of major for gallant and meritorious service at the battle of Cold Harbor. The battery under his command fired the last shot in the war for the Army of the Potomac, and after peace had been declared he retained his commission for a short time, but before long resigned. He was afterward engaged in business in New York for a time.

He decided to make Newport his permanent home some twenty-five years ago and built a handsome residence, "Bethlehem," on Gibbs avenue, where he spent a large part of the year. He was accustomed to spend the winter in California where several of his brothers had made their homes until their death, and where he had property interests. In 1868 he married Miss Virginia Barrett, a member of a distinguished Southern family.

Major Gibbs was of a very charitable disposition and many of his acts of benevolence will never be known. He was particularly interested in the cause of education, giving liberally to the schools of Newport in the form of medals or special prizes. He has helped many a young man to acquire a higher education which otherwise he could not obtain, his only question being whether or not the boy was worthy of assistance. As recently as last summer a deserving case was brought to his attention, and he immediately furnished the funds for a Newport boy to complete his college course which he had about decided must be abandoned. He was deeply interested in the Newport Hospital and in the Redwood Library, to both of which he was a liberal donor, and served as a director of each institution. He was a member of the Newport Reading Room, the Newport Casino, the Newport Golf Club and the Newport Horticultural Society. He was a director of the National Bank of Rhode Island until its merger with the Industrial Trust Company. He took a deep interest in Newport and was one of her best citizens.

The remains will be brought to Newport for interment.

In spite of the disagreeable storm that prevailed there was a large attendance at the Channing Memorial Church on Sunday afternoon to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. George H. Chase. Rev. William Stafford Jones, pastor of the church, officiated, and special music was rendered by the choir. The bearers were William H. Lee, William Stevens, Walter A. Wright, John H. Egan, Thomas M. Norman, A. O. Taylor, Jr., Edward K. Stevens and William W. Covell. The remains were temporarily placed in the receiving vault of the Island Cemetery.

Miss Maude Harrington, daughter of Mrs. Edward B. Harrington of this city, and Mr. John Watkins Lov of New York were united in marriage by Rev. Thomas H. Spicer at the parsonage of All Souls Church in New York on Saturday evening last. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Walter K. Harrington of Andover, N. J. The future home of Mr. and Mrs. Lov will be at 706 West 180th street, New York.

The funeral of the late Mrs. John W. Bacheller was held at her late residence on Willow street on Sunday afternoon, Rev. Joseph Cooper officiating. The bearers were Jeremiah W. Horton, Benjamin B. Coggeshall, Robert S. Bacheller and Charles H. Childs. The interment was in the Old Cemetery.

The will of Joseph Wharton, of Philadelphia, dispose of an estate estimated at \$25,000,000, practically all of which is given to his widow, three daughters, and his grandchildren.

Portsmouth School Dedicated.

The new school building for the village of Newtown in the town of Portsmouth was dedicated with considerable ceremony on Wednesday with a large number of townspeople in attendance. The building is attractive and commodious and is modern in equipment, giving promise of adequate facilities for the education of the children.

The keys of the building were presented by Mr. John L. Borden to Dr. Minot A. Steele, chairman of the school committee, their remarks being very brief. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Pollard and "America" was sung by a quartet. The principal speakers of the occasion were Walter S. Ranger, State commissioner of public schools, and Harriet W. Lull, superintendent of schools of Newport. Other speakers included Mrs. Richard J. Barker, superintendent of schools of Tiverton, Mr. John F. Chase, Rev. Father Hooney, Rev. Mr. Hodges, and Mr. Philip A. Brown, superintendent of schools of Middletown.

The Chinese New Year began at midnight Wednesday night and a three days' observance is now on.

Joshua Stacy has sold his property at 18 Sherman street to N. S. Tollefson.

Middletown.

COURT OF PROBATE—There were only a few matters requiring the attention of the Court of Probate, at its regular session held on Monday afternoon and included the following:

Estate of Arthur L. Peckham, Petitioner of Mary L. Peckham, Widow, for an allowance for six months' support, was granted.

Estate of George Calvert, The petition of Ida V. Calvert, Administratrix, for authority to sell property at private sale, and her petition for an allowance as widow, were both granted. The Administratrix also presented an inventory, which was allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of C. Henry Congdon, The second account of H. Battery Congdon, Guardian, was continued to the third Monday of February and likewise his communication resigning his trust as Guardian.

IN TOWN'S COUNCIL—Orders on the dog fund were granted as follows:

Joe F. Silva, for ducks killed, \$1.00; Abram A. Brown, for ducks killed, \$2.00; Heston H. Peckham, for ducks killed, \$2.00; Charles H. Cair, for ducks killed, \$2.75; Alfred H. Hazard, for one goose killed, \$5.00; Abram A. Brown, for ducks killed, \$2.00; Frank Sylvia, for ducks killed, \$2.00; Benjamin T. Anthony, for 15 ducks and 2 geese killed, \$17.50.

The Committee appointed by the Representative Council of Newport, to examine into the condition of the bridge over the creek running into the sea at Easton's Beach, and which affords passage over the same in the highway known as Second and First Beach Avenue, submitted a plan and specifications for widening the bridge to forty feet and straightening the roadway on both sides thereof. This Committee also presented a copy of the Report presented to the Representative Council, in relation to the desired improvement wherein the cost is estimated at \$1,000, of which \$300 is appropriated to Middletown and \$700 to Newport. Some members of the Council objected to the plan as taking too much private land and unnecessarily increasing the cost. Some thought the curve which is sought to be removed, could be more effectively obliterated by a different plan and some were anxious to know the exact boundaries of the highway as now existing. It was decided to first determine the highway lines by a survey, and Philip Curwell was appointed a Committee to employ Engineer Joseph P. Cotton for that purpose. The matter was then referred to the February meeting of the Council, for further consideration, on which date the Newport Committee will be invited to be present for another conference in relation to the whole subject.

The marriage of Miss Helen Maudine Ward, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Herbert Ward of Honeymoon Hill and Mr. Lionel Henry Peabody, Jr., second son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Peabody, also of Honeymoon Hill, is set for Wednesday, February 2d, at the home of the bride's parents.

The Citizen's Association held one of its enjoyable socials on Wednesday evening at the town hall followed by dancing, the Golf orchestra furnishing music. Light refreshments were served. The affair was in charge of the entertainment committee, Chester B. Brown, Dennis J. Murphy, and William G. Brown.

Weather permitting on Sunday evening next, at the M. E. Church the lives of St. Peter and St. Paul will be taken up by the aid of prepared papers upon these two prominent men.

Mr. J. Lincoln Sherman, president of the Patrons Fire Relief Association of Rhode Island, Mr. Charles H. Ward, treasurer, Mr. Joseph A. Peckham and Mr. George E. Simon director, and Elisha A. Peckham, attended on Tuesday the annual meeting in Providence.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Ezra W. Thayer and wife of Phoenix, Ariz., and others have relinquished to Sarah Patricia Grace of Portsmouth their interest in the Bryant estate, bounded east, 100 feet, on Malbone road, and south, 150 feet, on Channing street.

The Newport Trust Company has sold to Henry O. Anthony that part of the H. A. Thorne estate on Bridge street which the Trust Company recently purchased at mortgagee's sale. The lot measures 47 feet on Bridge street, is 100 feet and 67 feet in the rear and has two buildings.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen had a rather busy session on Thursday evening, the principal matter at issue being the petitions for junk licenses. The board was divided as to whether the Mayor should investigate the applications or a committee of the board. There were several representatives of the junk men present and also several lawyers.

The regular weekly payrolls were approved. A number of petitions for improvements were referred to the committee of 25. Mayor Boyle announced the appointment of William A. Cooney, W. H. Mathewson and W. P. Corcoran to be special policemen. After a brief hearing the Providence Telephone Company was granted permission to extend their line through Brooks avenue.

The lecture by Mr. Benjamin L. Dennis of Providence on Wednesday evening under the auspices of William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R., was very interesting to those who have considered the conditions on the island of Rhode Island before and during the Revolutionary days. Mr. Dennis proved himself thoroughly familiar with his subject and had a number of charts and diagrams of his own making with which he illustrated his remarks. The lecture was in the Representative chamber in the old State House and was well attended. The speaker was introduced by the regent of the chapter, Miss Edith M. Thley.

Mr. Henry Fox was found dead in bed at his home Friday morning. He had been ill for some time and death was probably due to heart trouble. For some time he had kept a little variety store on Spring street but he was formerly well known as a driver of an omnibus during the summer season. He was born in England but had lived in Newport for many years.

Mrs. Sidney B. Gladding submitted to an operation on Thursday in order to check the progress of disease from which she has suffered for some time. The operation involved the amputation of one leg below the knee. The patient had a somewhat restless night Thursday but is doing as well as could be expected.

Dr. William T. Bull is planning to leave New York as soon as his condition will permit and go South for the balance of the winter.

Mrs. A. L. Audrain of New York is at her Newport residence, "Rosemere," on Mantononi avenue for some weeks.

Lady Betty Across the Water

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Chapter 4

"Betty, you never told me you were interviewed on the dock." These were the first words Mrs. Ess Kay said to me as I walked to the boat, a little late because of a visit to the bank with a different kind of business. "I wasn't," said I, on the defensive, though I couldn't be perfectly sure what connection, if any, interviewing had with the customs. "You told me not to declare anything, and I didn't."

Mr. Parker, looking as if he had been melted, poured into his clothes and then cooled off with cold water, burst out laughing.

"You're a daisy, Lady Betty," said he.

"Is it invidious to be a daisy?" I asked.

"I guess I must look in the dictionary for 'invidious,' but a daisy's a flower that has bled in the great fields of England, where there aren't any newspaper reporters or other strange bugs."

"Potter," exclaimed Mrs. Ess Kay, "don't tease her, and when you've been in the green fields of England, you'll say insects, not—or what you did say. If you don't want hutes to faint all around you on the floor." Then she turned to me. "He means you're very innocent, because you don't know what it is to be interviewed. But you must have been in it, all the same, for see here, in this dreadful 'Flashlight.' And she landed me a newspaper, with one page folded over and huge headlines dotted about at the top of paragraphs, like the lines of big print that oculists keep to make you try your eyesight. In the middle column I saw my name, but I couldn't believe it was really there, in an American paper. I began to think I wasn't awake yet, and that this must be part of the dream I was dreaming all yesterday."

"BONNY-BETTY-BULKELEY," I read out aloud. "A Duke's Daughter on the Dock. Call Her by Her Front Name, Please. What Lady Betty Thinks of Our Boys."

There was more, but when I had got so far, I slumped gaped.

"How dare they?"

"There isn't much they don't dare, except to go back without a story," said Mr. Parker, laughing. But I didn't laugh. I was too angry.

"If my brother were here, he'd kill them," I said.

"Then he hasn't got a sense of humor," replied Mr. Parker. "I don't see how a duke could have and be a duke nowadays, but I guess I wouldn't mind swopping my sense of humor for a dukedom, all the same. See here, Lady Betty, you'll get to like our newspapers before you've been over here a month. They sort of grow on you. They're as interesting as novels, and almost as true to life."

"This isn't true to my life, anyway," I said, not knowing whether I wanted most to laugh or cry. "Oh, Sally, Sally Woodburn, will anybody believe I said such things as these?"

"Give the 'Flashlight' to me and let me look," she said. And when she'd taken the paper, she began to read the stuff that came under the big headlines out about in her pretty, soft voice:

"Yesterday was a blazer, but though it was hot enough on the docks to roast a cow when the Big Willie steamed in that beautiful young visitor to our shores, Lady Betty Bulkeley, managed to look like the duke's daughter and duke's sister she is and, so far as a mere man could tell, without the help of patent hair curlers or other artificial aids to personal pulchritude."

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair, she sat on a throne of dual luggage looking queenly in an elegant white shift waist built mostly of holes and eminently suited to her style of beauty as well as the weather. She also had on a picture hat, which was superfluous, as she would have been a picture without it, and below the waist she was utterly nude."

"I think it's most insulting!" I broke in. "And I was nude at home, all the way down."

But Sally went on: "I soon found (writes the representative of the 'Flashlight' that the sister of the Duke of Stanforth, one of Britain's eligibles, preferred to be addressed by her front name of Lady Betty. 'I feel more at home,' said she, with a sweet voice, but a pronounced English accent, 'when I am called Lady Betty. And I want to feel at home in America because I expect to be some time with my friend, Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox, who will show me society over on this side. I have heard so much about Newport, don't you know. I fancy it will be too utterly deceiving.'"

"What's deceiving?" I demanded, with scorn.

"Oh, that's supposed to be what smart Englishwomen say for 'divine.' 'I never heard of it,' I sneered, 'much less said it. I'm sure mother would consider it quite profane.'"

"Well, do be quiet, child, and listen to what the 'Flashlight' says you said. What opinion have you formed of our society women and clubmen on board the Willie?" was the next question.

"I think your ladies are better dressed than ours, and the gentlemen are just lovely. They don't sit around and wait while we girls amuse them; they hustle to give us a good time, and they know how to do it. I shouldn't wonder if I should hate to go home."

and associate with lords after being a summer girl in Newport. I don't see now why American girls go out of their own country to marry."

"I suppose we shall be seeing your brother, the duke, over here before long?"

"His grace may come to fetch me back," replied her ladyship. "He has never been to America, but it is one of the desires of his life to come, and your American beauties had better look out, for he is a gay young bachelor, and I shouldn't be surprised if he took a fancy to carry home a duchess. Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox will entertain him also, and maybe he will paint some of America here."

"That's all about you, I see," Sally blushed up. "The rest is about Cousin Katherine and me. It says we've come back with a touch of the Pleiadilly agent, and it criticizes my nose and the way Cousin Katherine puts on her hat. It describes this house all wrong and says the Newport cottage 'knocks spots' out of Mrs. Van der Windt's cottage. It also mentions Cousin Potter, and calls him 'one of our army dudes.' But we don't mind, and you mustn't. Everybody reads the 'Flashlight' for the sake of the shocks, but nobody believes its flashes."

"Still, you must have said something to the man," remarked Mrs. Ess Kay.

"I only said 'No, but—' or 'Yes, but—' I insisted. 'Truly and truly nothing else. And oh, there was a hat, too, who tried to talk to me.'"

"Great Scott, the Evening Post," chorled Mr. Parker. "Look out for something rich tonight."

"Can't he be stopped?" I asked.

"Might as well try to stop Niagara with a tin can. The less you said the more the hat will say. But it doesn't matter. Nobody'll care. Reporters are paid by the yard for imagination; information's gone out, though I do hear you use it still on your side."

I was just going to defend information (British) at the expense of imagination (American), when I remembered that the "army dude"—which sounds rather like something you might buy at the stores—had sent me up an enormous bouquet of violets as big as a breakfast plate, and that I'd forgotten to thank him. I did so at once, but it seemed that I had blundered.

"Violets!" he echoed. "Must have been some other fellow. I sent you gardenias."

"Oh, then the cards got mixed," I said. "I thought the gardenias were from Mr. Doreanus. How kind of you both. I was so surprised to receive such lovely flowers."

"Our American birds are surprised when they don't get them. They would think it a cold day when they didn't have a slight morning haul of dowers—must be out of season, ones or they're no use—new novels or candy. What do men over on your side of the water do to convince you girls that they think you're as beautiful as you really are?"

I thought for a minute, and then I said that perhaps we weren't as hard to convince as American girls. I don't know whether this was a proper answer or not, but, anyway, Mr. Parker laughed, and then began to plan what we should do for the day.

"Say, let's run her over to Coney Island," he said.

"Oh, my dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Ess Kay. "Not for anything. The duchess would have a fit—I mean, she would be horrified."

But when I heard that Coney Island was like a kind of glorified Margate (which I've never been to, but only heard about), with switchbacks and all sorts of shows, I said that mother would consider it a chapter in the liberal education of a respectable British tourist, and it was decided that we should dine there. Mrs. Ess Kay had to go to a lot of things before she could get to Newport, so we were to shop all the morning, lunch at Sherry's, rest in the afternoon and spend the evening at Coney Island. Next day we were to go to West Point, where Mr. Parker is stationed, and stay there all night for a card ball.

Just as we had got this programme settled, and were making up our minds



In another instant he was in my lap, to go out early, "while it was cool" (we should all have been lying about with wet handkerchiefs on our foreheads at home, and there would have been special prayers in church if I had ever been what New Yorkers seem to think cool), the butler came in leading by a leash a perfect angel of a dog, a

little French bull, with skin satiny as a ripe chestnut, and eyes like rosettes of brown velvet, with diamonds shining through them. He had on a spiky silver collar, fringed on each edge with white horsehair, and he came trotting into the room with a high action of his paws, daintily and proudly, like a horse that knows he's on show, and his tiny head was cocked on one side as if he were asking us to please admire him and be his friends.

I supposed that the little fellow belonged to Mrs. Ess Kay, and that he was being brought in to bid his mistress good morning, but she said quite sharply, "What dog is that?"

"He's a parrot, ma'am," said the butler, addressed to Lady Betty Bulkeley. He was left at the door by a messenger boy, and the label on his collar.

In another instant that little live, warm bundle of brilliant satin creased on steel wires was in my lap, and it did seem as if he knew that he was mine. The queerest thing was that he had no note with him. On the label—just a luggage label tied to his collar—was my name, in a strange but very interesting looking hand, and these words besides: "The dog is now found. His name is Vivace."

"Who has sent it to you, Betty?" asked Mrs. Ess Kay, and I could see by her eyes that she was very curious.

I had just answered, "I don't know from Adam," when some words of my own jumped into my head. I could hear myself saying, "I must first find the dog," and then I knew that the giver of Vivace was indeed Adam. But luckily I hadn't thought before I spoke, so it was no harm to let it rest at that, and I just sat and played with my new toy while Mrs. Ess Kay and her brother jabbared about him excitedly.

"It must be Tom Doreanus," said she. "He's the only man I let you know well enough on board to take such a liberty."

I thought of another man she hadn't wanted to let me know, but I rubbed my chin on Vivace's ear, which felt like a wall flower, and kept quiet.

"Check of Doreanus," remarked Mr. Parker. "He's a joshier from way back. How does he know Lady Betty likes dogs? I should send the little brute off to the dogs' home."

"If Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox makes me do that, I shall have to go with him—and stop with him, too," said I. And I almost hated Mr. Parker for a minute in spite of the walking stick roses and the snowstorm of gardenias upstairs.

"Of course, you shall keep the dog, if you want to," said Mrs. Ess Kay, "unless we find out that he's been sent by some one undesirable, and then of course the duchess would expect me to see that you gave him back."

"I feel somehow that we shall never find out," I said, and I hugged Vivace so hard, without meaning to, that he gave a tiny grunt. But he didn't mind a bit and licked my hand with a tongue that was like a sweet little sample of pink plush.

I was suddenly so happy with my surprise present that I forgave America for having imaginative reporters and wasn't homesick for the pany or for Berengaria and her puppies or anything.

Vivace went out with us in the electric carriage, and even Mrs. Ess Kay had to admire him as he sat straight up in my lap, like a bronze statue of a dog. "He's a thoroughbred, anyhow," she remarked. "He can't have cost a penny less than \$500, so whoever the anonymous giver is, he must be a rich man."

I'm rather lucky about dollars, still, but when I heard that I felt myself go red. I knew well enough that the giver—who wasn't Adam—was very far from being a rich man, and I couldn't bear to think that he had perhaps squandered some hard earned savings on buying such an extravagant present for me. But the more I thought of it—which I did all the way down to the shops—the more I thought it impossible that a man who had been obliged to cross the Atlantic in the steerage would even have a hundred pounds in the world. Somebody had perhaps given him the dog from a good kennel, when it was a wee puppy, I said to myself, but this, though it eased my mind in one way, made the gift seem all the more palatial—that that poor, handsome Jim Brett should part with something he must have loved (for who could have Vivace and not love him?) to please me. I should have liked to write a note to the Manhattan club, where he had told me he was employed, to thank him. But he had sent the present anonymously, and I felt somehow as if he hadn't meant or wished me to acknowledge it.

While I was wondering what I should do, the brougham stopped before a shop even larger than Harrod's or the Army and Navy stores. There were lovely things in the windows, things that looked like American women and not like English or even French ones, though I couldn't define the difference if I were ordered to with a revolver in my hand.

The petticoats and stockings and belts and lace things and parasols and especially blouses, were so perfectly thrilling that my heart began to beat quite fast at sight of them. I felt as if I must have some immediately, and when Mrs. Ess Kay said that this was "quite a cheap store," I said to myself that I would do something more interesting than watch her shopping.

She had to buy handkerchiefs to begin with, for most of hers had disappeared in the wash at foreign hotels; and Sally wanted veiling. Those were not interesting to me, because they are necessary, and necessities, like your daily bread and such things, are so dull. I said that I would just wander about a little, as they thought they would be some time, and we made an appointment to meet in half an hour at what they called the notion counter. I hadn't an idea what it was, and didn't like to ask because I had asked so many questions already, but I knew that I could get some one to take me there when the half hour was up.

When you want everything you see, but aren't sure which things you want enough to buy and how many you can afford, it's less confusing to browse about unadvisedly in a shop as big as a village in a strange foreign city.

I really did need a sunshade to go with a blue dress of mine, because my only light one (if I don't count rather a common white thing) is pink. I saw some Leantes, and I wanted to ask the price, but the attendants—who were girls with lovely figures and their hair done in exactly the same flop over their foreheads—were so interested in talking about a young man they all knew that it seemed cruel to interrupt them, especially as I mightn't buy the sunshade in the end. However, I did venture to speak, in quite a humble voice, by and by, but the girl couldn't understand a word until I repeated everything twice. "A sunshade? Oh, you mean one of these parasols," she said then. "Excuse me, it's your English accent I didn't quite catch at first. That one's ten dollars and forty-five cents, and this is eight dollars eighty-nine."

While we were busy doing the dollars into pounds and shillings we got quite friendly, for she was a very obliging girl and didn't bear me any grudge for interrupting, though her friends were going on with their conversation and telling such excellent things about the young man that she must have been doing to listen.

However, my girl hardly paid any attention to them at all, except just to

must motor to another farther up, before meeting Mr. Parker, who was to give us lunch at a place called Sherry's, at 1 o'clock. On the way, Sally suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Cousin Katherine, we must initiate this dear child into the mysteries of tea cream soda water, and I'm just yearning for some myself, anyhow."

Mrs. Ess Kay gave the direction to her mechanician, a very young man with eyes that looked positively ill with intelligence and a way of snapping out "all right" when she spoke to him that would make Stan sit up with surprise if his chauffeur did it.

Sally said that the nicest oasis in the desert of London was an American place where you can get tea cream soda water, but I had never had any, and in the burning heat of the New York morning, which thing itself into the shop like a great wave in spite of fierce electric fans, I could have purred in pure delight over the piked up ice cold froth in that tall glass. It tasted like frozen velvet flavored with strawberries, and I should have loved to be an ostrich or an anaconda, so that the sensation might have lasted longer.

There were no men in the shop, only women, and so pretty that you wondered if there were a hotter posted up over the door forbidding plain ladies to enter. Two or three had yellow hair, yellower than mine, and Mrs. Ess Kay said they were actresses, who always came back to New York in summer to wait for things to turn up, just as chickens come home to roost, and that they were supposed to be resting.

I had always thought that a bathman made you feel more as if you had eaten a large, elaborate dinner than any other one thing possibly could, but I found that an ice cream soda is even more so, and it was lucky for us that we had another hour's shopping to do (Mrs. Ess Kay made it an hour and a half because Potter is only her brother) before luncheon.

The next shop was even more wonderful than the first and would have been a great deal more solemn and dignified and even conventional if the same kind of wooden balls hadn't gone tearing round like mad squirrels in wire cages over the counters with people's money shut up inside them. There were very young youths sitting in tall puppit things, who caught the balls on the fly in a sporting way and did some thing to them, but I never could see what, and afterward sent them back with the greenback bills inside tucked unobtrusively into silver and pretty miniature purses.

When we got to Sherry's, Potter was waiting for us and looking cross. I think persons with turned up noses show crossness more easily than the other kind, and Potter had the expression in his eyes that Vic has when her gloves are tight and mother is in a trying mood at the same time. I shouldn't be surprised if he has a hothead temper, although he thinks of so many funny things. And though he is so nice to me, he can't help saying things sometimes which show that he has a prejudice against England. That seems extraordinary, and shows one how cancelled we English really are, for one is quite accustomed to the idea that there may be people who don't care for Americans, but it is odd that Americans may not like us. I suppose it's on a par with the sentiments in our national anthem, which when one comes to analyze them don't exactly suggest a sense of give and take—or, for that matter, a sense of honor.

"Confound their politics," frustrate their knavish tricks," but naturally bless everything in which we are concerned, as we are certain to be above reproach. I'm afraid that's quite of a piece with the calm confidence we have in our own superiority, although I dare say I should never have realized it if it weren't for Mr. Potter Buckey and his perky nose.

It began to be less perky when we were all settled at a table in a perfectly charming restaurant, the most restful place to eat in that I ever saw. I can't imagine even a fiend being ill tempered in it for long, and it was deliciously cool, as if we had come into a shadowy green wood after the blazing, brassy glare of the streets.

The big room really was rather like a wood, so the shille isn't garretched—an open space in a wood, ringed around with tall trees bending their branches low over a still pool. The soothing brown of the watercolored walls gave the tree trunk effect; the great hanging baskets of ferns and moss that swung from the ceiling were the tree branches, and the many round, snow white tables with green velvet chairs grouped closely around them on the polished floor were the water lilies with green pads floating on the surface of the pond.

Nearly everything we had for lunch was in a more or less advanced state of frozenness, from the bouillon, ever so far along to the fees in the shape of different colored fruits, toward the end. Nevertheless, all of us, except Potter, drank tea water instead of wine whenever we stopped eating for an instant or couldn't think of anything particular to say, and the more we had the more we seemed to want. There was a kind of food water curse upon us.

It has never occurred to Vic or me to lie down in the afternoon, though she tries to sleep a little sometimes if she's too tired to a ball. But when we got home, Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally took it quite as a matter of course that we would lie down before going to Coney Island to dine and see fireworks and other things. They were surprised when I didn't want to, but Mrs. Ess Kay said in that case Potter would entertain me while they rested. I told her it wasn't necessary, but Potter wanted me to let my sweet little that it was just the one proposition on earth for him, so he and Vivace and I sat in the fountain court while Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally went upstairs.

Potter was suddenly a changed man, as soon as he and I were alone together, becoming exactly what he had been yesterday when I first ran downstairs and he introduced himself.

He didn't chaff me about my country and make fun of our government or hint that American men were the only men living who knew how to treat women, as he seemed to delight

in doing. Besides, there was an exciting feeling of independence in strolling about unadvisedly in a shop as big as a village in a strange foreign city.

I really did need a sunshade to go with a blue dress of mine, because my only light one (if I don't count rather a common white thing) is pink. I saw some Leantes, and I wanted to ask the price, but the attendants—who were girls with lovely figures and their hair done in exactly the same flop over their foreheads—were so interested in talking about a young man they all knew that it seemed cruel to interrupt them, especially as I mightn't buy the sunshade in the end. However, I did venture to speak, in quite a humble voice, by and by, but the girl couldn't understand a word until I repeated everything twice. "A sunshade? Oh, you mean one of these parasols," she said then. "Excuse me, it's your English accent I didn't quite catch at first. That one's ten dollars and forty-five cents, and this is eight dollars eighty-nine."

While we were busy doing the dollars into pounds and shillings we got quite friendly, for she was a very obliging girl and didn't bear me any grudge for interrupting, though her friends were going on with their conversation and telling such excellent things about the young man that she must have been doing to listen.

However, my girl hardly paid any attention to them at all, except just to

When we had been for about an hour and a half in the big shop, we'd finished all we had to do there and

When we had been for about an hour and a half in the big shop, we'd finished all we had to do there and

When we had been for about an hour and a half in the big shop, we'd finished all we had to do there and

must motor to another farther up, before meeting Mr. Parker, who was to give us lunch at a place called Sherry's, at 1 o'clock. On the way, Sally suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Cousin Katherine, we must initiate this dear child into the mysteries of tea cream soda water, and I'm just yearning for some myself, anyhow."

Mrs. Ess Kay gave the direction to her mechanician, a very young man with eyes that looked positively ill with intelligence and a way of snapping out "all right" when she spoke to him that would make Stan sit up with surprise if his chauffeur did it.

Sally said that the nicest oasis in the desert of London was an American place where you can get tea cream soda water, but I had never had any, and in the burning heat of the New York morning, which thing itself into the shop like a great wave in spite of fierce electric fans, I could have purred in pure delight over the piked up ice cold froth in that tall glass. It tasted like frozen velvet flavored with strawberries, and I should have loved to be an ostrich or an anaconda, so that the sensation might have lasted longer.

There were no men in the shop, only women, and so pretty that you wondered if there were a hotter posted up over the door forbidding plain ladies to enter. Two or three had yellow hair, yellower than mine, and Mrs. Ess Kay said they were actresses, who always came back to New York in summer to wait for things to turn up, just as chickens come home to roost, and that they were supposed to be resting.

I had always thought that a bathman made you feel more as if you had eaten a large, elaborate dinner than any other one thing possibly could, but I found that an ice cream soda is even more so, and it was lucky for us that we had another hour's shopping to do (Mrs. Ess Kay made it an hour and a half because Potter is only her brother) before luncheon.

The next shop was even more wonderful than the first and would have been a great deal more solemn and dignified and even conventional if the same kind of wooden balls hadn't gone tearing round like mad squirrels in wire cages over the counters with people's money shut up inside them. There were very young youths sitting in tall puppit things, who caught the balls on the fly in a sporting way and did some thing to them, but I never could see what, and afterward sent them back with the greenback bills inside tucked unobtrusively into silver and pretty miniature purses.

When we got to Sherry's, Potter was waiting for us and looking cross. I think persons with turned up noses show crossness more easily than the other kind, and Potter had the expression in his eyes that Vic has when her gloves are tight and mother is in a trying mood at the same time. I shouldn't be surprised if he has a hothead temper, although he thinks of so many funny things. And though he is so nice to me, he can't help saying things sometimes which show that he has a prejudice against England. That seems extraordinary, and shows one how cancelled we English really are, for one is quite accustomed to the idea that there may be people who don't care for Americans, but it is odd that Americans may not like us. I suppose it's on a par with the sentiments in our national anthem, which when one comes to analyze them don't exactly suggest a sense of give and take—or, for that matter, a sense of honor.

"Confound their politics," frustrate their knavish tricks," but naturally bless everything in which we are concerned, as we are certain to be above reproach. I'm afraid that's quite of a piece with the calm confidence we have in our own superiority, although I dare say I should never have realized it if it weren't for Mr. Potter Buckey and his perky nose.

It began to be less perky when we were all settled at a table in a perfectly charming restaurant, the most restful place to eat in that I ever saw. I can't imagine even a fiend being ill tempered in it for long, and it was deliciously cool, as if we had come into a shadowy green wood after the blazing, brassy glare of the streets.

The big room really was rather like a wood, so the shille isn't garretched—an open space in a wood, ringed around with tall trees bending their branches low over a still pool. The soothing brown of the watercolored walls gave the tree trunk effect; the great hanging baskets of ferns and moss that swung from the ceiling were the tree branches, and the many round, snow white tables with green velvet chairs grouped closely around them on the polished floor were the water lilies with green pads floating on the surface of the pond.

Nearly everything we had for lunch was in a more or less advanced state of frozenness, from the bouillon, ever so far along to the fees in the shape of different colored fruits, toward the end. Nevertheless, all of us, except Potter, drank tea water instead of wine whenever we stopped eating for an instant or couldn't think of anything particular to say, and the more we had the more we seemed to want. There was a kind of food water curse upon us.

It has never occurred to Vic or me to lie down in the afternoon, though she tries to sleep a little sometimes if she's too tired to a ball. But when we got home, Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally took it quite as a matter of course that we would lie down before going to Coney Island to dine and see fireworks and other things. They were surprised when I didn't want to, but Mrs. Ess Kay said in that case Potter would entertain me while they rested. I told her it wasn't necessary, but Potter wanted me to let my sweet little that it was just the one proposition on earth for him, so he and Vivace and I sat in the fountain court while Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally went upstairs.

Potter was suddenly a changed man, as soon as he and I were alone together, becoming exactly what he had been yesterday when I first ran downstairs and he introduced himself.

He didn't chaff me about my country and make fun of our government or hint that American men were the only men living who knew how to treat women, as he seemed to delight

in doing. Besides, there was an exciting feeling of independence in strolling about unadvisedly in a shop as big as a village in a strange foreign city.

I really did need a sunshade to go with a blue dress of mine, because my only light one (if I don't count rather a common white thing) is pink. I saw some Leantes, and I wanted to ask the price, but the attendants—who were girls with lovely figures and their hair done in exactly the same flop over their foreheads—were so interested in talking about a young man they all knew that it seemed cruel to interrupt them, especially as I mightn't buy the sunshade in the end. However, I did venture to speak, in quite a humble voice, by and by, but the girl couldn't understand a word until I repeated everything twice. "A sunshade? Oh, you mean one of these parasols," she said then. "Excuse me, it's your English accent I didn't quite catch at first. That one's ten dollars and forty-five cents, and this is eight dollars eighty-nine."

While we were busy doing the dollars into pounds and shillings we got quite friendly, for she was a very obliging girl and didn't bear me any grudge for interrupting, though her friends were going on with their conversation and telling such excellent things about the young man that she must have been doing to listen.

However, my girl hardly paid any attention to them at all, except just to

When we had been for about an hour and a half in the big shop, we'd finished all we had to do there and

When we had been for about an hour and a half in the big shop, we'd finished all we had to do there and

Ream and Quinine
Hair Tonic.
Stimulates the scalp, removes dandruff, gives a rich lustre.

WRIGHT & HAY,
PHARMACISTS,
22 Washington Square, Newport, R. I.

Charles M. Cole,
PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET.

Two Doors North of Post Office

NEWPORT, R. I.

J. D. JOHNSTON,

Architect and Builder,

Plans and Estimates furnished on application. General Jobbing, Mason, Tile and Stucco Work executed with dispatch.

Shed at 100th St. Office 20 Pelham St. N. Y. C. Box 104. Residence 100 Church St.

ARCTIC ICE CO.

WHOLESALE

AND

Retail Dealers.

"This company is prepared to furnish ice of the best quality and in quantities at prices as low as can be purchased in the city."

Telephone connection.

Office, Commercial Wharf.

JOHN H. GREENE, MGR.

GET YOUR

ICE CREAM

—AT—

Koschny's,

230 & 232 THAMES STREET.

or at his

Branch Store, 16 Broadway

Cake, Ice Cream

CONFECTIONERY.

STRICTLY FRESH

FIRST CLASS and EVERY DAY.

NEWPORT

Transfer Express Co

TRUCKERS

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STOMACH.

Upon Its Condition Depends Happiness or Misery.

Perhaps one of the most frequent complaints of the stomach is constipation of the bowels, or continuous constipation.

When your food rests so solidly on your stomach that nature refuses to remove it, and usually resort to some common physic which, while affording you some relief, acts so suddenly on the parts affected as to shock and weaken them.

THE BOWELS, like a bulky horse, to work properly must be coaxed, and gradually urged to perform their functions.

The soothing action of that great kidney and liver medicine, DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, is gentle and delicate, yet its relief is immediate and effective.

It is of importance to every individual to use a proper remedy for CONSTIPATION OF THE BOWELS. The thousands of grateful testimonials, from both sexes, who have been completely cured by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, is the best evidence of the POWER AND MERIT of this wonderful medicine.

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles. Sample bottle, enough for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy & Co., Corporation, Rensselaer, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Salt Bileam Cream cures Old Sores, Skin and Heretofore Diseases. 60c.

FALL RIVER LINE FOR NEW YORK

SOUTH & WEST

Palatial Steamers
PROVIDENCE and PLYMOUTH

In commission.

Orchestra and Wireless Telegraphy on each.

FROM NEWPORT—Leave week days and Sundays at 7:30 a. m. Due New York 7:00 p. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave New York 7:00 p. m. Arrive Newport 7:30 a. m.

LADY BUTTY ACROSS THE WATER.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

In doing when his sister and cousin were with us. He began by offering to teach me some of his best songs, but as the lesson went on it turned out to be rather more like a lesson in arithmetic.

I would have been even more startled than I was, if I hadn't already had a little experience on board ship with Mr. Doreman. At home I've often thought it must be very pleasant to be out and able to sing, but I never had a chance, because, as Mr. Doreman said, he was a young man, and the only young man, not a relation, that I ever talked with alone was the captain, who would as soon have tried to drink with a bishop as with one of mother's daughters.

But I like Mr. Doreman's kind of life. I don't like the kind of life that Mr. Doreman makes you feel as if you were a beautiful young heroine in a play, and you are almost sorry there is no audience to applaud the witty things he says and the smart answers he gives you to think of just as if he were giving you a quiz.

Potter is different, and instead of an audience you want a kind of perpetual chapter, not a brilliant creature with lots of hands to applaud. It is silly, I know, to blush and stammer, but I couldn't think of anything else to do, Potter was so charming, and I wouldn't allow him to tell me my fault by my hand, for I was much too hot. Even if it hadn't been I shouldn't have wanted my hand held, for I do hate being touched by any one I'm not fond of. When I told him that he said it was very simple. What I had to do was to get fond of him, and then it would be all right.

"I shouldn't have done that," I said. "There'll be too much for me to think about, and then I shall be going home."

"How long does it take an English girl to get fond of a man?" he asked.

I told him I didn't know anything about that, as I wasn't out, but I supposed it depended on the kind of girl.

"I guess it depends more on the man in your climate, doesn't it?" asked Potter. "But over here it's sometimes a question of hours for both sides. Why, a chap of mine went out to San Francisco on business which was going to keep him just one day. He met a girl at dinner, fell in love with her while she was eating her soup and told her so before dessert came along. She vacillated over the few words, but said yes with the peaches and pears. Next day they got married, and he brought her back east for a wedding trip."

"What did they do about the honeymoon?" he asked.

"Oh, Americans have done away with that since the revolution. I guess. When we fellows fall in love we're in a hurry."

"Marry in haste, repent at leisure," I quoted proudly.

"We don't repent. We just get a divorce. It saves worry. Incompatible."

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

A Good Qualification.

The mystery of the negro mind is illustrated by a story which the Philadelphia Record prints. John, the colored applicant for the position of butler in a family living in one of the fashionable suburbs of Philadelphia, strove to impress his would-be employer with his entire fitness for the place.

"Oh, yes, sah," he said, "I's sholy well educated, sah. I's passed a civil service examination."

"Indeed," responded the gentleman, "that is very fine, I'm sure, but I can't say that that will be of any particular value to me in a butler."

"No!" said the surprised applicant. "It shure is strange how gentlemen's tastes do differ. Now, Mr. Williams," naming his former employer, "he say, 'John, one thing I want in a butler, he shay to me, 'You shay, 'an' he done gave me a recommendation 'f' there, sah, 'an' that's the truth."

Then the gentleman saw a great light. He replied:

"Yes, you are quite right, John. Civil service is a very important and rather unusual virtue, so if you have passed that examination I think we'll consider you engaged."

A Mogul Hero.

Here is a little vignette of Babur, the first of the great moguls. At eleven he succeeded to his kingdom of Ferghana. His father was accidentally killed, and "I," says the boy, "immediately mounted in great haste and, taking such followers as were at hand, set out to secure my throne." He succeeded in holding it, nearly lost it by a traitor who had ever seen" and actually lost it by grasping at the possession of Samarkand. Then came two years of wandering. Then he got Ferghana again and lost it a second time by trying to make his Mongol soldiers restore their lost to the peasantry. And all this before he was seventeen. Thirty-two years later he died, the last scene being the most striking of all. His darling son Humayun was desperately ill. Only some great sorcerer could save him, and the doctor, he entered the chamber, walked round the bed three times, saying, "On me be thy suffering," and a few days afterward died.—London Spectator.

The Dayskin Wouldn't Go Round.

Hungary swarms with barristers. It is the greatest ambition of the Hungarian peasant to make one of his sons an advocate.

The son of a small farmer in the neighborhood of Budapest was sent by his father to the law school of that town, but after a few weeks of study he was expelled from the law school for being too stupid to understand the law.

"Marry in haste, repent at leisure," I quoted proudly.

"We don't repent. We just get a divorce. It saves worry. Incompatible."

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

"I don't see what nations would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so I thought I got away without trouble.

Hotel Gratters.

The proprietor of one of the largest hotels in New York, speaking of the uses made by his customers of the hotel, said to a rural guest a few days ago: "We have a large number of patrons from whom we never collect a cent, although we have no such thing as a free list. They come here in the morning, pick up a castoff paper, which they read, keeping an eye open for another, which they grab as soon as it is dropped. After reading while they stand at the flicker, often giving long lectures to their fellows on financial conditions and stock possibilities. The overcoat becomes burdensome, and it is taken to the check room, where its owner knows it will be perfectly safe. Then, if they can tear themselves from the flicker, letters are written on our stationery. They do not use our telephones because we charge an extra 5 cents for the call, but they carry home matches, toothpicks, blank cards and blotters and use up the soap in our lavatories. They also take generous nibbles of the cheese and crackers in the cafe. The strangest part of all is this—that the majority of this class are well to do and highly respectable, and on that account we do not shut them out."—New York Tribune.

The Sleeping Sickness.

The terrible sleeping sickness of tropical Africa is discussed at length in an article in Popular Mechanics. The disease, which long baffled scientists, is spread by the tsetse fly, a bloodsucking, day-flying insect. On the approach of either man or animal at river crossing in the densest forest the victim is soon scented out by the fly. If there is one in the vicinity, and then, either silently or with a peevish buzz, it makes straight for the most accessible spot and gives its stab. The usual course of the disease is from four to eight months. At the outset there are headache, a feverish condition, lassitude and a corresponding disinclination to work. The facial aspect changes, and a previously happy and intelligent looking negro becomes fastidious, dull, heavy and apathetic. Later, tremor in the tongue develops, speech is uncertain, and mumbling, walk stumbling and progressive weakness, drowsiness and oblivion to his surroundings afflict the sufferer. The last stage is marked by extreme emaciation and a coma deepening into death.

TALKING WITH GREAT CAUTION

President Realizes Gravity of Japanese-California Question

A SUBJECT OF CONFERENCES

Chief Executive Will Share Responsibility Resting Upon Governor of Golden State, Where Japanese Are Said to Be Taking Possession of Whole Towns—Fortifications For San Pedro Harbor Recommended

Washington, Jan. 22.—The Japanese question in California was discussed at conferences between President Roosevelt and Senator Flint and others. The president urged the necessity of California's congressional delegation using their influence as fully as possible against legislation that might be introduced by Japan.

The president talked cautiously with some of his congressional visitors. He went so far as to say he thought nothing pending in congress nor any of the differences between himself and congress were of half the importance of the Japanese-California question.

Although he talked with great deliberation and care, the president still recognizes the existence of a deeply antagonistic sentiment against the Japanese in California, and the wisdom of placing that sentiment as an aid to the agitation with as little delay as possible.

Because of the almost unanimous feeling in the state the president realizes the responsibility resting upon Governor Elliott in using his influence upon the legislature to stop legislation at this session, and he wants to do all he can to share some of that responsibility.

Senator Flint, in his conference at the White House, agreed with the president in considering that the burden placed upon Elliott is an important and not a minor one and he is willing to share with the governor the work of trying to allay the irritation. "The president is not hesitating to use the power of Flint and will not refrain from doing anything within reason himself."

Senator Flint and other California men have told the president pretty plainly that while they are willing to help him they do not place much confidence in the fairness of the government as to the decreasing number of Japanese in this country. "The facts, dispute the figures," they declare, and add that the Japanese are taking possession of whole towns.

The president advised his California visitors that he would like to see a fair trial given the promises of the Japanese to decrease the number of their citizens in this country.

Defense of San Pedro
The fact that recently President Roosevelt went to congress a report by the general staff of the army, which has just become public, recommending fortifications for San Pedro harbor, Cal., was made the basis for suggestions that such decision was reached lately in view of possible trouble with Japan.

At the war department this inference was given a most explicit denial. There it was said that the general subject of the improvement of San Pedro harbor had been under consideration more than two years, beginning before there was any thought of any dispute between the United States and Japan. It was taken up as a natural military problem involving the necessary protection of the southern California coast from foreign invasion and without reference to any particular country or enemy.

DELIVERED IN PERSON

Secretary Koenig Journeys to Washington With Root's Certificate

Washington, Jan. 22.—Secretary of State Koenig of New York arrived here today with the certificate of election of Elting Root as United States senator from New York, signed by Governor Hughes and the secretary of state. Koenig presented it to Vice President Fairbanks this morning.

The custom has been to either mail the certificate to Washington or send it by messenger. This probably is the first time in the history of New York that the secretary of state has personally delivered to the vice president the certificate of election of a senator.

Assets at a Low Ebb
Boston, Jan. 21.—Dr. Willard K. Dyer of this city, manufacturer of a health bread, has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy, stating his liabilities to be \$21,156.32 and his assets as \$10.97.

Twenty-One Killed in Wreck
Glenwood Springs, Col., Jan. 19.—The official list of those killed in the Denver and Rio Grande wreck at Dotsero, Friday night, shows that twenty-one were killed.

One Cent Damages For Libel
Birmingham, Ala., Jan. 21.—The jury in Governor Comer's libel suit against the Montgomery Advertiser returned a verdict for 1 cent damages.

\$750,000 Fire at Boston
Boston, Jan. 18.—A puff of flame shot up from the rear of the most extensive automobile storage and repair plant in the city, located near Park square, shortly before dawn, and one-half an hour later 350 automobiles, valued at \$750,000, were a mass of tangled steel and iron.

RELATIONS ARE STRAINED

Steel Trust Probers' Invitation to Bonaparte Is Declined

Washington, Jan. 22.—After arranging a long list of questions pertaining to the merger of the Tennessee Coal and Iron company and United States Steel Corporation, the senate sub-committee found itself balked when Attorney General Bonaparte declined to be quizzed.

His declination to appearing before the committee came in the form of a letter, stating he had another engagement. The committee has refused to make the letter public or allow Bonaparte to do so.

It is believed here that it contained some expressions that have not tended to increase the cordial relations between the committee and the department of justice.

AS A MAN OF LETTERS

Friends Who Furthered Poe's Reputation Are Recipients of Medals

Charlottesville, Va., Jan. 20.—The Edgar Allan Poe centenary celebration reached its climax last night when addresses were delivered by Professor Wendell of Harvard on "The Nationalism of Poe" and by Dr. Smith of the University of North Carolina on "Poe's Influence on Southern Literature."

An interesting feature was the bestowal of medals to commemorate the occasion to twenty-five people who added materially to furthering Poe's reputation as a man of letters.

UNIQUE PLACE

FOR NOTIFICATION

Cuban Congressmen Meet President in State Penitentiary

Havana, Jan. 21.—Congress met and went through the brief formality of canvassing the electoral vote as reported from the electoral college, after which President Dalgado of the senate, who presided at the joint session, officially proclaimed General Jose M. Gomez as president and Alfredo Zayas as vice president to be the choice of the Cuban people.

Congress then resolved to call in a body upon Gomez and notify him. The senators and representatives were driven to the Gomez residence. They found, however, that he was absent, so having accepted an invitation to take breakfast at the presidio, or state penitentiary, on the outskirts of Havana, with Governor Castillo of the penitentiary. The members of the congress repaired thither, and in General Castillo's office the ceremony took place.

CONTENTION OF HEBREWS

America Not a Christian Country From a Constitutional Standpoint

Philadelphia, Jan. 21.—After a spirited debate on the question of means to prevent sectarian teachings and practices in the public schools the delegates to the council of the union of American Hebrew congregations adopted a resolution appointing a committee to spread literature which shall take the position that, from a constitutional standpoint, this is not a Christian country.

One section of the resolution reads: "That the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, in counsel assembly, protests emphatically against all such religious teachings and practices in the public schools."

HARVARD'S NEW PRESIDENT

Lowell's Election Unanimously Ratified by Board of Overseers

Boston, Jan. 21.—By a unanimous vote the Harvard board of overseers formally consented to the action of the president and fellows in electing Abbott Lawrence Lowell president of the university to succeed President Eliot, when his resignation becomes effective on May 10.

The overseers were in session for nearly an hour and a half. A large part of the time was taken up by laudatory addresses concerning the new president.

Fire Destroys Hospital
Bridgeton, Me., Jan. 18.—For the second time within three years, the Trull hospital, a private institution owned by Dr. J. F. Trull, was destroyed by fire, the fifteen patients being removed to places of safety barely in time to save their lives. The total loss is estimated at \$47,000 and is partly covered by insurance.

Tower For Custom House
Boston, Jan. 20.—The chamber of commerce and the Boston Merchants' association unanimously voted in favor of having a tower built on the present custom house in lieu of seeking another site for a new building. The design calls for a tower of sixteen stories in height.

Congress Drops Lilley
Washington, Jan. 21.—George L. Lilley, who was inaugurated Governor of Connecticut on Jan. 5 while occupying a seat in the house of representatives, was dropped from membership of that body.

Father and Daughter Perish
Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. 19.—C. L. Mead, aged 50, and his daughter Sarah, aged 11, were burned to death in a fire that destroyed their home here.

CAUGHT WITH PARAPHERNALIA

Boston Inspectors Capture a Batch of Notorious Crooks

A RESULT OF DARING WORK

Police Lived With Gang Several Days For the Purpose of Securing Evidence—Credit Due Former Thief Who Learned of Rendezvous and Plans and Furnished Authorities With Information of Great Value

Boston, Jan. 22.—A gang of crooks known to the police throughout the country as the cleverest of their kind in their respective lines, armed with heavy calibre revolvers, rounds of cartridges and "blanks," and carrying time fuses and dark lanterns, was rounded up in the South End by men from the office of Chief Inspector White, and are under heavy lock and key in the city toms.

The capture of the men was due to the daring work of members of the police inspector's office who for the past week or ten days have been living with the crooks, or "yeggmen" as they are more frequently called, for the purpose of securing evidence against them and making their arrest.

The inspectors were placed on the track of the men immediately following the burglary of the postoffice at Holliston last week Tuesday, when a small sum of money was secured by blowing open the safe and one of the robbers was shot.

It was learned last night that the men had fully equipped themselves for some deed and intended to take the 6:40 train for Melrose. It is believed with the intention of making a big break in that vicinity. It was therefore deemed best to round up the gang at once.

Charged With Holliston Break
Accordingly seven men were placed under arrest, two others taken being released after examination. Technically the men will be held for the break at Holliston, although New York, Chicago and other cities have been notified and may have the men if they desire them.

Credit for the capture of the men is really due to the work of Jack O'Donnell, a former express thief, who has recently been working for the local express companies in an endeavor to stop the thieving from express wagons about the city. O'Donnell learned of the rendezvous and, after mixing with the men and finding out their plans, informed the inspector's department.

The fact that the policemen of Melrose held their annual ball last night is believed to be the reason for the yeggs' decision to visit that city, although their exact plans are unknown to the police.

A THREE-STORY JUMP

It Proves Too Much For Murderer's Pursuers and He Escapes

New York, Jan. 22.—After a sensational chase over roof-tops, in which he distanced his pursuers by jumping from a height of three stories, and landing unhurt, an unknown Italian made good his escape here after shooting down a fellow-countryman, Pasquale Miami, in East Fifteenth street.

Miami, hit by two of the five shots fired by his assailant, died in a short time.

The police later said they identified the dead man as a member of the Black Hand brotherhood with a prison record.

PATTERSON IS CRITICISED

Governor's Veto on State-Wide Prohibition Is Not Sustained

Nashville, Jan. 21.—Over the veto of Governor Patterson, both houses of the legislature passed senate bill No. 1, which prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors in Tennessee within four miles of a schoolhouse.

The vote in the senate stood 20 to 13. The house vote was 61 to 36. In each house the passage was effected by a combination of Republicans and Democrats.

The galleries were packed in both houses, and the debates following the reading of the governor's message were bitter, Patterson being severely criticized.

Lupton Promoted to Consulship
Washington, Jan. 22.—The senate confirmed the nomination of Stuart K. Lupton of Tennessee, to be consul at Messina, vice Arthur S. Cheney, who was killed in the recent earthquake. Lupton also was at Messina, acting as deputy consul.

Awful Tragedy in Children's Presence
Newburgh, N. Y., Jan. 21.—With four of his six children looking on, Frederick Coppling, 50 years old, shot and killed his wife and then committed suicide by blowing out his brains. The tragedy was the result of domestic troubles.

Forty Years in the Army
Washington, Jan. 22.—Colonel David A. Lyle of the ordnance department was placed on the retired list of the army on account of age, after forty years' service.

Chairs Leave With Cabinet
Washington, Jan. 10.—President Roosevelt and the nine members of his cabinet will take with them as souvenirs the chairs they have occupied at cabinet meetings when the president retires from office on March 4. They will replace them at their own expense. This has been the custom of former presidents and cabinet members.

JAGGAR'S PREDICTION

St. Etna's Greatest Eruption Will Occur Within Eighteen Months

Boston, Jan. 22.—"I absolutely predict, without any hesitation, that within a year and a half St. Etna will experience a fearful eruption," declared Professor Jaggar, head of the geological department at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and acknowledged one of the best authorities on volcanoes and earthquakes in the United States, in an address here last night.

Professor Jaggar went on to say that the great earthquake at Messina last night was the forerunner of the greatest eruption which St. Etna has ever seen. He predicted that an earthquake would be safe for another generation.

Speaking of local conditions, Jaggar stated that there were earthquake centers in Manchester, N. H., Providence and New York city, and that Boston was one of the safest places in the United States in this regard.

"COLONY OF CRIMINALS"

Last One in Central America Is About to Be Broken Up

Washington, Jan. 21.—Through a favorable report made to the senate from the committee on foreign relations on an extradition treaty with Honduras, steps were taken to break up the last asylum of persons who commit crimes in the United States.

When this treaty is ratified and proclaimed by the President of the United States, extradition of criminals will be possible with all governments of the world.

The treaty with Honduras is particularly important, because there is in that country a colony of fugitives from justice from this country. It is believed the "colony of criminals," so-called, will now be driven out of Central America and many of the persons residing there will be brought to this country for trial.

KILLED AND ATE

TWO COMPANIONS

Charges Against a Belgian Trapper in the Far North

Montreal, Jan. 22.—The attorney general of Quebec province has been notified of the capture of a Belgian trapper named Grasse, accused of murder and cannibalism, and his detention at Port Albany, a Hudson Bay company post on St. James' bay. Grasse is charged with murdering and eating portions of the bodies of a French companion named Bernard and a guide named Lemieux, who accompanied him to the Chibbaganagan country a year and a half ago.

Judges' Pay Increased
Washington, Jan. 22.—A debate on the propriety of increasing salaries of federal circuit and district judges consumed nearly the entire time of the senate, with the result that the compensation of the twenty-nine circuit judges was increased from \$7500 to \$9000 and that of the eighty-four district judges from \$6000 to \$8000.

Another Million From Rockefeller
Chicago, Jan. 20.—John D. Rockefeller has given another \$1,000,000 to the University of Chicago. Rockefeller's total contributions to the university aggregate \$24,800,000 for endowment and other purposes.

FEARED TOTAL LOSS OF HAIR

Scalp had been Scaly for Some Time—After an Attack of Typhoid Fever his Hair Began to Fall Out by the Handful—Now It Is

THICKER THAN EVER THANKS TO CUTICURA

"About two years ago I was troubled with my head being scaly, like dandruff, but it never cleared up. I washed my head once a week always. It never gave me any trouble such as itching or smarting and I never noticed any falling of the hair. But suddenly after that I had an attack of typhoid fever and I was out of the hospital possibly two months when I first noticed the loss of hair, my scalp being still scaly. I started to use a dandruff cure to no effect whatever. And I used a quinine preparation quite freely which did no good either. Whether it was the effect of the fever or some scalp disease I don't know, but I had actually lost hope of saving any hair at all. I could brush it off my coat by the handful. It got so bad that I had to comb it out every morning. In fact I was afraid to. My brother, who had used the Cuticura Remedies with satisfaction, advised me to try them. After using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and nearly a box of Cuticura Ointment, the change was surprising. My scalp is now clear and healthy as could be. My hair thicker than ever, whereas six months ago I had my mind made up to be bald in a short time. I will have a photograph taken later and send you one. William F. Steers, 5812 Broad St., Pittsburg, Penn., May 7 and 21, '08."

Warm baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, assisted when necessary by Cuticura Resolvent (liquid or pills), afford instant relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning, scaly, crusty humors, eczemas, rashes, inflammations, irritations and chafings of infancy and childhood, permit rest and sleep and point to a speedy and permanent cure, in the majority of cases, when all other remedies fail.

Cuticura Soap (25c), Ointment (50c), Resolvent (50c), and Cuticura Cream (25c), are sold everywhere. Write for literature to J. C. Cuticura, P.O. Box 100, Pittsburg, Pa.

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY
Capital \$3,000,000.00 Surplus \$3,000,000.00
NEWPORT BRANCH, 303 THAMES STREET
PARTICIPATION ACCOUNT.
Moneys deposited in the Savings Department of Industrial Trust Company on or before the Fifteenth days of February, May, August and November, draw interest from the first day of said months.
Dividends are paid in February and August.
Trustees, Executors, Administrators, Guardians, Assignees and Receivers depositing their funds with this Company are exempt by law from all personal liabilities.
We Solicit Your Business.

SCHREIER'S,
143 Thames Street
GREAT BARGAIN SALE
—IN—
Millinery
ENTIRE STOCK OF
WINTER GOODS
To be Sold at Less Than Cost.
All our Fine TRIMMED HATS
To be sold at prices to tempt the buyer—goods in every department in our line at less than cost.
SCHREIER'S,

"IT'S ALL IN THE SHREDS"
OUR SUPPLY OF
SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUITS
The favorite breakfast cereal, is always fresh. We carry no stale stocks of anything.
S. S. THOMPSON.

Pocahontas Pittston
Georges Creek Lehigh
Lykens Valley Reading
Lorberry Cannel
COAL
NEWPORT COAL COMPANY,
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
Telephone 222.

CHAFING DISHES
With an ALCOHOL Lamp
you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.
With ELECTRICITY
you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.
We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.
OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

Cleveland House
127 CLARKE STREET.
The most modern and up to date House in the City.
A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.
Rates, \$2.00 Per Day.
Apply to
CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.
PERRY HOUSE,
WASHINGTON SQUARE.
OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.
Under entirely new management. Newly furnished suites with bath up to date. Rates, \$3 up special rates by the week.
R. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.,
SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST
—AND—
Dispensing Optician.
Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.
Children's Eyes a Specialty.
If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your usual vision is great deal of the time dim or if you are once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Quickest prescriptions given personal attention.
118 SPRING STREET.
830 A. M.—8:30 P. M.
Furnished Cottages
TO RENT AT
BLOCK ISLAND.
H. S. MILLIKIN,
Rust Villa Apts.

